



EDITORIAL, December, 1972.

Another year is drawing to a close for the MSCAV, and like most years, it has not been without its moments, as you all well know.

It is pleasing to note that we have obtained a vast amount of new members over the year, and this has led to an increase in the overall capacity of cycles in the club.

The slide night turned out to be a rather wild night, wot with crude jokes and pictures of trains of all things (Darren's been at it again!)

While on the subject of movies, we were going to make some comment on last month's drive-in night, but it was decided some things go better unsaid. I'm sure all the early leavers will agree with that!

Don't forget to book early for the Christmas party on 16th December. It promises to be a real wild evening. Margaret has even promised not to bite anyone this year (Did I? – typist), so come along and get stuck into it – grog and food, we mean!!

Christmas, time of goodwill to all men – even Honda riders! (Rat fink, Claw! – typist)

We, the editors, Big Mouth Printer and various helpers would like to thank all club members who have contributed write-ups to the mag over the year, and to all other members who read it, even though at times it may have been hard to take.

Any jokes that you hear over the Christmas period that are printable please send to us, as our supply of clean ones is quickly running out.

As this is the last mag till February next year, we wish all club members and their families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Please ride safely, as we want the same members next year as we have now, as well as a lot of new ones.

P.S: The jokes don't REALLY have to be clean ones!!

REMEMBER:

DON'T DRINK THEN DRIVE!!!

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GENERAL MEETING – 3/11/72

APOLOGIES: Were received from Joyce; John Fitz; and Rusty.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Ian MacKay – 650 Yami; Lloyd Wissman – 500 Guzzi; and Stephen Ackland – 350 Honda.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion.

Passed by Howard; 2nd by Greg Smith.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Wandana Travel about the proposed trip to Tassie in 73/74. Booking are not yet open. To be advised.

Golden Mile Motorcycles, owned by Tony Rule and Trevor Flood, advertising all makes of bikes and parts.

Black Spur Inn Hotel, Narbethong, about the Christmas Party.

New Year Trip to Marlo. The area caravan park is already booked out.

An area has been reserved for us at the Saw Pit Caravan Park in Jindabyne.

An account for ink for the printer.

Passed by Michael Formaini; 2nd by Graham Willmott.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

The itinerary is not yet available, as the printer is on holidays. It will be sent out as soon as possible.

Shepparton Weekend: Camping at the Lake Victoria Caravan Park. Peter P's tent will be available for those without tents.

Presentations: A gift of two L.P.'s was given to Dennis Ackland on behalf of his parents, for their hospitality on our recent weekend camp at their farm at Watchem.

Garry Penhall was presented with his trophy for winning the Snooker Championship in April. (Whatever happened to the girls?)

Tassie Trip: Book, even if you are unsure if going or not, as deposit will be refunded for those not going.

Cup Day Outing: There will be an unofficial club run, leaving KBCP at 10am, for parts unknown.

Cleaners: Greg, Neil and Dennis.

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LAKE GOLDSMITH – 5th November, 1972.

With an overcast sky, we left KBCP at 9am, and proceeded down Spencer Street to Dynon Road where the traffic was pretty heavy. For some unknown reason, Roger brought along a tow-rope, to hang his bike in an emergency! Out onto the Ballarat road, through the Pentlands and into Ballan we travelled, when suddenly sighted the Pucka Kid sitting on his machine gulping a pie, surveying us as we cycled by.

Refuelled at Ballarat, with a mob queuing up outside the Powder room, as someone had difficulty in finding it, and Margaret almost walked in the wrong door. Woops!! On leaving, went to Beauport and congregated at the roadhouse for lunch, with Roger ordering everything bar the waitress! Then headed off for the seam rally, about 10 miles out, and arrived in glorious sunshine. Having entered at discount prices, we slowly wandered around to look at all the various contraptions. Items of interest were:- A Stanley Kramer Steam Car, run purely on Kero and water: 1 1933 restored Hillman Sports, in bright red; vintage bikes and steam engines galore.

Other incidents noted were: Garry walking up to the owner of one car to find out what it was. A deep voice replies, "It is a Cord. CORD." Those flying "Bloomers", and the fellow who brought his engine along, so that he could blow his whistle.

Waited around for a while before deciding to leave earlier than had been anticipated, going to Skipton presumably, but ending up at Sebastopol, as some fool gave Darren the wrong directions. Refreshed on icy poles before continuing across country to Geelong, bypassing the town, then breezed down the highway to Laverton, where the final stop was had before dispersing to Russell St for tea. All enjoyed themselves immensely, especially the Kwaka Kid, who doesn't seem to like Honda's, as he fell off one coming into the Service Station.

Big Daddy

PRESENT:

Darren	750 Honda
Paul	500 Honda
Big Daddy	450 Honda
Jeffrey	450 Honda
Garry	350 Honda
Ned & Chris Thorn	350 Honda
Steve	350 Honda
Ian	650 Yami
Les & Chick	650 Yami
Peter & Margaret	650 Yami
Roger	350 Yami
Peter	750 Ducati
Greg	450 Ducati
Mick	450 Ducati
Rob P	850 Guzzi

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HONDA AND BULLSHIT PART TWO OF:

Whyalla is windy and the winds picked up the red bull-dust from the recently cleared new railway yards. Bikes and trains went red and visibility was cut down to one carriage length. For a time, I sheltered in the new air-conditioned station.

Rather than hazard the traffic back to Port Augusta while pacing the train, I took the road to Iron Knob. This excellent road follows the narrow gauge B.H.P iron ore railway and I was fortunate to pass a straight and the country flat, and covered with lone salt-bush. The approach to Iron Knob is very dramatic, for the mountains of iron ore dominate the end of the road, and riding towards it is like approaching huge square altar. The town is very much a company owned village and I got the impression that tourists were really not very welcome. The Adelaide to Perth Highway (The Eyre) passes to the north of Iron Knob and I joined it for a very fast run back to Port Augusta. (A new 87 amk2 Dunlop lasted only 2,000 miles!)

The road surface is terrific and I was told later, that despite this, the grey stone used in South Australia roads is a disaster to tyres. The three bikes needed new tyres in Adelaide. It seems the non skid surface is like pumice stone used as a household abrasive. I was also told that the road to Perth would be sealed throughout in three years time. Back to Port Augusta, I refuelled at a station owned by another 4 owner who remarked on the number of such bikes in town, but I did not notice many although motorcycles are very common, but they are mainly small ones, often driven very competently by 16 year olds.

The next day, Sunday, was a holiday for the Honda and I spent 22 hours in a train going to Marree and back. Most of the time was spent in an armchair in a lounge car, except for eating sessions. The Railway made a fortune on the sale of southark beer. The Flinders Ranges make a dramatic backdrop to this trip, although beyond the Leigh Creek coal fields, where most of the traffic originates, one enters the Simpson Desert, the nearest thing to the Sahara I have ever come upon. Marree is a flat, hot (104F – 41C) tin railway town. Most of the inhabitants had gone to a race meeting up the Birdsville Track – which starts at Marree – and this included the local hotel keeper. (More business for the train's attendants.)

The town of Marree was full of young aborigines. An elderly gentleman said something about no television and another said there was no chemist shop, either. At 5am, we reached Port Augusta again, dead beat and had two hours sleep before pushing off for Adelaide. The local cops drove past us at 5am, wondering why four fools would be walking about at that hour, by the way.

The coast road to Pt. Pirie is flat and is not of great interest. Several other motorcyclists followed the train through this section. A large number of cycles were parked outside the station at Pirie when we arrived. Yamaha 650's were common.

Having got lost at Pt. Pirie, followed the superb road to Port Broughton, and the coastal route to Adelaide via Bute. The road from the north into Adelaide is a congested two lane affair, and a divided road is an urgent need.

The next day, the 350 Honda and the Yamaha shopped for new tyres and the Yami got a new main switch. The three of us met up for two steam train tours of Adelaide, but the weather was what I regard as a typical Adelaide winter drizzle. It is hard to believe the city is Australia's driest capital! In the evening, a slide show followed at the home of friends, the topic was trains, of course, but those of South Africa.

The following day was not the best weather wise and we set off in a light fall of rain and drove with a blustery tail wind through the winding roads of the Barossa Valley. This area, with its many vine yards is as beautiful as its reputation states. Suddenly we drove down a steep hill onto the plains which continued to the border. A dust storm was in evidence to the south, but it did not catch up with us.

One of the two sets of ferries has been replaced by a bridge, but the second set of ferries is still in operation on the Sturt Highway. a huge new bridge looks almost complete and a freeway type road is being finished in conjunction to avoid the ferry.

We were blown along the straight road into the outskirts of Mildura. From there we followed the undulating Calder highway with the weather getting colder and colder. It turned out to be the coldest October days for 49 years. We had a meal at Bridgewater before setting off for the crossing of the Divide. Howard's low beam failed before Kyneton and he "hid" behind me. Fortunately no snow was encountered and no fog came down.

Rolf departed for home at the Essendon turn off on the Tullamarine Freeway, and later Howard set off for Laverton. He had had great difficulty in keeping his bike going, but he had done well in the circumstances. Rolf's 350 seldom varied from 60mph. The 570 never missed a beat.

A final note:-

1. Howard now has a Honda 750/4.
2. Saturday morning was spent washing layers of bull-dust off the now golden 4. I hope it goes well for Watchem – watch out!!

Darren

(Sorry we were late with this, but we can always swap it for Shepparton – Eds.)

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CUP DAY SPECIAL – 7/11/72

While this tour was not listed on the itinerary and was only announced at a meeting, a most pleasant morning, and as events proved, a pleasant day, brought out eleven bikes for a run. We gathered at 10am and left later for a run down to Rye. Howard Moffat brought along his brand new 750 Honda, and a small demonstration of adjusting the chain oiler took place, thanks to Neville, who provided the tools.

Les and his beautiful (WHAT?? – Eds) Pauline led the way via Pt. Melbourne and the coast through Frankston and Mornington to Rye. The traffic was moderate, and apart from a passing Police car, no fuzz were noticed, although many expected a heavy policing of the roads. At Rye, Ian Hurford joined up. He announced that he had sold his 450 Honda, as a trade in on a 550 Suzi.

Several members went off and bought lunch, but most people ordered a pizza shop. A good view of the bay and the many passing motorcycles on the highway made for interest. Sun bathing in leathers (Impossible! – Eds) was quite pleasant, too.

With Bob P on his 2 wheeled M.G and Rusty as Patrol, we continued to the back beach at Rye. A short section of devilish sand made for interest, and Howard H and Margaret were waiting and watching in their V.W, and were most amused at our antics in the dirt. At the beach, Howard H raced up a steep sand dune – a really small mountain – with all the energy of several power houses. (You been on those pills again, Howard? – Ed) How can so many c.c.'s be installed in such a light frame? It took me much panting to make the grade, but an excellent view of the Bay and the pounding surf was gained for the effort.

Les led off to Sorrento via the back road and then via the Nepean Highway to Rye, where we stopped for drinks and a chance to listen to the Cup. Nobody seemed to have won much.

The party was due to travel home via the coast, but Howard M, Ian McK, and I went off to get trade in prices for the 450 and the 650. We tried at Dandenong, Moorabbin and later at Kew. At this last place, I traded the 450 in on a 750 (red, I hope) while Ian hopes to pick up a similar machine from the same spot in 14 days.

For those interested, a few 450 spares, manuals, etc, will be available soon.

The Cup Day Special seemed to have been the idea of Big Daddy, who was, unfortunately, not present. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant enjoyable day for those who went. It is good to have a tour occasionally when the destination is unknown at the commencement.

Darren.

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SUGGESTED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR CLUB MEMBERS

(Out of club funds, naturally!)

Roger Holt - Book: "Use and Care of Bikes".

- Book: "How to hole two pistons in two weeks in two easy lessons".
- Lance - A job
- Neville - An artificial limb and a shaver
- Peter P - A Mrs. Peter P
- Darren - Another Honda four
- Figgsie - Texta colour remover, and a full time plucker.
- Marg (Willi) - Someone to fill the other side of her new bed.
- Cheryl - A single bed.
- Howard - A diamond
- Mick - Re-enlistment in the Army
- David - Lavender balls
- Les B - Cure for a navel disease
- Pauline - A husband without a navel disease
- Mo - A step ladder for Marg
- Cecil - A permanent address
- Mike Davis - 1,000 screaming Uni students
- Bob Evans - A replacement fist.
- Margaret - Howard's reversal
- John Fitz - A new neck band
- Michael F - A camera allergic to trains, and a bigger bike without a horn.
- Garnet - A shower, and a One-way ticket to a decent Honda shop, in Japan, preferably!!
- Graham and Nancy - Money to buy a new toilet
- Rick - One flagon and two straws
- Rusty - Book: "Lover 'em and Leave 'em"
- Neil - His own hotel
- Les L - A "we're not too sure"
- Joyce - A diet and a double bed
- Murphy - A soft sign post

Philip	- A comb
Greg Smith	- A lighter foot
Bob P	- A new pair of pants, that FIT.
Ian Taylor	- Another green hat
Chris Thorn	- His own insurance company
Eddie	- Yet another horn
John Wotzko	- Suction cups

The above gifts have the full approval of Treasurer. We, Us & Co., Editors and Printer of this magazine, Freedom Rider, accept no responsibility for any comment printed herein.

SO RIGH UP YERS!!!

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The wives of three racing drivers were discussing their husbands as lovers. The youngest said her husband was like a Rolls Royce, smooth and powerful.

‘Mine’s like an M.G.’ said the next, “very fast at the start, rough on the corners and finishes too quickly.”

“You could describe my old bastard as a vintage model”, declared the oldest. “Rallies twice a year, and both times I have to start him by hand.”

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THE TON-UP TRIP – 12/11/72. (Or: Mt. Alexander Koala Farm)

Congratulations and celebrations! Yes, folks, I’ve finally cracked the ton. Now don’t get excited with the belief that I’ve finally gotten around to wrapping the Yami on and vanishing into a cloud of blue smoke. I don’t mean that. (J.C stop muttering about “Slack Coons”, please!)

I refer to my 100th club run, which entitles me to a place among the inner circle members with 100 trips up.

So for the 100th time, it’s gather round at the KBCP for a briefing session prior to setting out for the Mt. Alexander Koala Farm. We had a good turnout of 18 bikes, nearly all in the “big” class: 1 850 Guzzi; 1 750 Ducati; 3 750 Honda’s; 2 650 Yamaha’s; 1 500 Honda; 3 500 Suzi’s; 4 450 Honda’s; 1 350 Honda; 1 350 Yamaha, and bravely fronting up was Michael’s Honda 70 step-thru.

In the absence of our captain and vice-captain, Darren took the initiative and appointed himself leader, with Les L as Patrol and Big Daddy as rear rider. We decided to take the more interesting route along the Lancefield road to Romsey, and around the back of Mt. Macedon, by passing Woodend. Then we continued on to Tarradale where we stopped for lunch. Ten minutes later, Michael arrived, blue with cold. There is a suggestion that we carry ice picks to be used on Michael, until he gets around to buying proper riding gear.

After we had eaten the restaurant out of food, we pushed on to Mt Alexander, where we admired the scenery. Darren posed professionally beside his bike for photographs, and Bob P had the usual band of admirers around his latest pride and joy.

When we finally got around to strolling through the Koala Park, the koalas had settled down for an afternoon kip, so they weren't very exciting to look at.

Our return trip was via Heathcote and back onto the Lancefield road, where we ran into a severe rain squall blowing across from the south-west.

Back in Russell Street, we came upon a very frustrated looking vice captain. Our trip was a real mystery to him, as he couldn't find out where it was.

Roger.

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Here about the good scout who know the lay of the land – and could even take to her?

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QUEENSCLIFF 18/11/72 - (with ferry trip to Sorrento)

One of the largest congregations of bikes yet seen at a club run assembled at KBCP between 9.30 and 10am under beautiful blue skies. After a briefing on road rules, etc, we left at 10am for Geelong, leaving Darren and Big Daddy to make a phone call to the Ferryman before joining the run. As usual, the sep-thru started out several minutes before the main group, and made its own way out onto the Geelong road. Half expecting the club to have taken the short cut along the new Freeway, I plugged along at 45-50mph, hoping to meet up with the rest in the main street in Geelong.

Imagine my surprise when I glanced in the rear view mirror whilst descending the hill towards the Norlane intersection to find a long row of headlights bearing down on me. The riders had just entered the 40mph zone, and I had no trouble keeping up with the leaders (Howard & Marg on the 350 Yami) all the way through Geelong. Unfortunately, I was a little too eager to drag off the Yami and almost incurred a fine for going thru a red light right in the centre of the city of Geelong. Somewhere about here, Ian's 550 Suzi had a fuel blockage and held up a few of the tail enders.

Out on the Queenscliff road progress was hindered by the long procession of 4-wheel wonders in the narrow roller coast section of road beyond Leopold. We all drifted into Queenscliff in dribs and drabs and lined our bikes up on the beach front road for the local fuzz to inspect.

Arrived about 11.30am and so we had about 2 hours to kill before meeting our appointment with the ferryman. The Frisbee was brought out for a couple of throws before we broke up to visit the local food lounge, the Fort and other local attractions. The food at the cafe was good, (once you got served!) but the service was very slow. After we had eaten, one of the waitresses decided the Frisbee was one of her plates and almost succeeded in condemning it to the automatic dish washer. Fortunately, Darren was on the scene and rescued it.

After lunch, some of us had a ball game with some of the local lads while Lance and some others decided to go for a swim. (Did you get your hair wet, Lance?) At about 1.15pm, someone cried out "Ship ahoy" and we all headed for the pier to board the good ship "Nepean" for a two hour cruise of the bay. We headed out towards the notorious Rip to view the remains of a scallop boat that had run aground several days beforehand, with Kurt up the front making a rather attractive (?) human bowspit.

As we ran through the backwash of a Japanese container liner that was going out to sea, the ferry began to rock and roll, and several of the crew began to turn a pale shade of green. Higgy was seen to flake into peaceful slumber on one of the cabin seats shortly afterwards. The war time gun shelters at the head of Point Nepean were passed, and we saw a posing water-skier come a gutzsa near Sorrento.

We landed at Sorrento at 2.45pm and strolled along the seawall to the Aquarian Kiosk for afternoon tea and stickies. At 3.20pm, three blasts of the boat whistle caused Darren and the slackers to do a series of physical jerks along the seawall and pier to catch the boat.

We sorffed back to Queenscliff on the ferry, viewing with some concern the large bank of storm clouds building up over the Western plains. It was very notable that I wasn't the only fool who forgot to bring waterproofs.

Rather than take the long road back to Geelong via Ocean Grove and Barwon Heads, it was decided to go straight through to Melbourne to try and avoid the worst of the storm. Woe and betide us for trying such an exercise!

The step-thru fairly flew out of Queenscliff ahead of the main bunch but got caught in a torrential downpour just outside Leopold, where once again those four-wheeled machines plagued rapid progress. While passing through Leopold, a 450 Honda was seen in the bus shelter. Did the bus turn up, I wonder?

The step-thru took fuel at Geelong and sorffed up the highway and around to 191, where its rifer squelched inside and thawed out over a good hot meal. About half an hour later, the rest of the club arrived, consoling Mick who had dropped his 450 Ducati outside Festival Hall. (About time, too, Mick!)

After tea, some of us went over to Darren's for coffee. Some of the subjects discussed over the coffee were:-

The beautiful smooth riding of 650 Trumpy's compared with Suzi's 750 in particular.

The trade-in price Marg got for her 450 Honda. (Which is NOT a wreck, thank you! – typist)

Spark plugs for Honda fours.

Club colours.

Michael Formaini.

Roll Call:

14 Honda's	1 B.M.W	<u>IN CARS:</u>
11 Suzi's	1 Guzzi	Jim, Betty & Stewart Shilton, with trail bike in ute.
ute.		
7 Yami's		Kurt, Debbie & Matthew in Fiat.
2 Ducati's		Greg Smith in Toyota
1 Trumpy.		

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SHEPPARTON – 25TH – 26TH

A WET – WEAK – END.

Friday night saw a few bravely head off in the torrential rain to find the hidden campsite at Shepparton. Big Daddy was already there, and had his big tent and his big car, so it was a big secret where the site was.

Shepparton on a Friday night is unbelievable, thousands of people everywhere, and not even a bike parking spot without looking for ten minutes. The local hamburger shop must have doubled its prices when they saw tow bikies from the Big Smoke.

We were all sitting talking around the camp lamp (or it may have been a normal-type lamp!) when Mick was the bearer of news that it was raining. Oh Boy! What rain!! For 40 days and 40 nights, even.

Saturday morning saw mud but no rain, so some went into town to check out the local Lizzi St. A few had already arrived a little earlier that morning, and at about 10.30am, the official club run rolled in: i.e. Les on his 650 Yami. We returned to camp before lunch so that we could go back into town for the traditional counter lunch.

Suzi 500's with two people on board don't like much. Just ask Kurt and Debbie and the ground. A cricket game was organized before lunch, but by the talent (or lack thereof shown) the Pakistani's are quite safe. A few more latecomers arrived just before lunch, swelling the ranks to a considerable amount of bodies. Swimming was the order of the day after lunch, with some bravely diving in, and others being forcefully made to get a bit wet. Nice and warm once you were, in but freezing when the time came to get out again!

QUESTION: Who comes up on Friday night on a 350 Honda, pitches his tent, stays until 2mp on Saturday then goes back to Melbourne to take out a bird, and comes back at 4am Sunday morning in a car with a grin from ear to ear? Was she worth it?

Saturday night was a bit of a disaster. It proved a most expensive counter tea for Marg, as she was short-changed by \$3. (So much for the education given in country towns! – typist) No birds, no booze, no band all made for a lousy night at the pub, which we soon abandoned in favour of a joke session in the Big Tent owned by Big Daddy with the Big car. Fortunately, due to my brilliant humour (modest, eh?) the evening went off okay. A few of the madder elements of the club went skinny-dipping about midnight, most cold, but good fun.

Yami 360 riders should be seen and not heard at 6am on Sunday, of all times! Mick Fagan's old 450 Honda hasn't died as yet, and is still as noisy as ever. It should be banned from all future club runs. Ask Mick. Sunday morning saw a few more water babies come up for a run, even the 70cc flier! Another question: Who comes 113 miles to Shepparton on a brand new 380 Suzi and then turns round and goes home again? Answer: Bikie B. The swimming hole saw three slide down the slide many times. What did Ned say when he hit the water? That afternoon we returned to the pool again, to watch life-saving demo's, trail riding, and sick country boy humour.

Shepparton has the largest number of temporary Australians ever seen. "L" plates on 750's and 650's everywhere, and they are for real. Not just people who have lost their license, but real learners.

In short it was a good but wet weak-end and even the rest of us, too. NOTE: 191's prices are going up, quality is going down. How about we go somewhere else for a change?

Ian

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BANANA NUT CAKE

INGREDIENTS:

2 whole nuts
1 whole banana
2 laughing eyes
2 milk containers
2 tender arms
2 well shaped legs
1 fur-lined mixing bowl
1 well-rounded bottom

METHOD

While looking into laughing eyes, carefully separate well shaped legs, squeezing milk containers until the mixing bowl is well greased.

Then when kneading the well-rounded bottom, insert large banana and move it in and out until nuts are cracked and grated. Fold in tender arms and lie until cool. Under no circumstances lick the bowl!